

WANDERER

OR, THE ABSENT SON.

Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

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There's a gray-haired old woman who mourns for her boy,
Who has left both his kindred and home;
In his land he could not get on, so he sailed
To a land far away o'er the foam.
When the boys and the girls gather 'round by the fire,
And the song and the music are heard full of joy,
The mother still misses her son from his place,
And prays for her wandering boy.

CHORUS.

Say will he ever return;
Where can the wanderer be.
Oh! how my heart seems to yearn
My boy only once more to see.
If my prayers and tears could reach him,
Upon some foreign shore,
Then would my boy, my hope, and my joy,
Come back to his home once more.

Her sweet eyes have grown dim yet they brighten with joy,
When the knock of the postman is heard;
She thinks it's a message from over the sea,
But no, not a line, not a word.
She'll say that her boy will be sure to come back,
When the swallows return in the beautiful spring;
She thinks that once more she will have him beneath
The sheltering folds of her wing.

Say will he ever, &c.

His school books are unopened his relics untouched,
His old portrait still hangs in its place;
And for hours she will gaze thro' the midst of her tears,
At her own darling wanderer's face.
But how dare we tell, that her loved one is dead,
For she'll meet him some day on that beautiful shore,
Where meeting can give an agreeable joy,
And parting can come never more.

Say will he ever, &c.

A. W. AUNER'S

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